Valiant Monmouth

REVIVED.

Or, an account of Young JEMMY's great Victory in his laſt Engagement with the *French*.

To an Excellent New *French* Tune, Sung at the *Duke*'s Play-houſe.

WHen out of *England* we did go,
Into *Flanders*, if you would know,
And in *Oſtend* for to lie,
Becauſe the *French* were got ſo nigh.
Fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la.

But when in that Garriſon we did lye,
Then on the Straw moſt pittifully,
Which cauſed many a brave Souldier to dye.
With a *fa la*, &c.

At length an order there did come,
That to the *French* we muſt be gone,
With Fife and Drum we march along.
Fa la, &c.

But when from *Oſtend* we did march,
With merry looks and chearful Voice,
Againſt the *French* that was ſo ſtrong,
So chearfully we march along,
Fa, la, &c.

But when to *Antwerp* we came nigh,
Aboard of the *Bilinders* we did hie,
And there we was forc'd all night to lye.
Fa la, &c.

But when at *Bruſſels* we drew near,
We heard the *French* they had been there,
But that was ſo ſtrong they could do no good there.
Fa la, &c.

Ten days and more we did them purſue,
Thinking of their Army to take our view,
But they away from us did fly,
Not caring for our Company.
Fa la, &c.

At *Charleroy* we found them out, (rout,
And there we gave them ſuch a damnable
That they were forc'd to wheel about.
Fa la, &c.

The Duke of *Monmouth* moſt Valiantly,
Rode foremoſt of our whole Army,
And he brought us again where the *French* did lye.
Fa la, &c.

Saying chear up, my Hearts of Gold,
For in *England* it ne're ſhall be told,
That ever our *Engliſh* Boys did fly,
But all reſolved for to dye.
Fa la, &c.

Seven hours and more we did them fight,
Till at the laſt we put them to the flight,
But it was ſo late that we loſt them that night.
Fa la, &c.

Ten thouſand *French* on the ground did lye,
Beſides what was wounded mortally:
There we left them to remain
Until we did return again.
Fa la, &c.

But the *Dutch* moſt Cowardly,
Behind our Backs all day did lie,
And would not bear up for company.
Fa la, &c.

On the next morning by break of day,
We drew up our ſelves in Battel aray,
But the *Dutch* got all the Plunder away,
That the *Engliſh* had fought for all the day.
Fa la, &c.

But the *French* moſt cunningly,
All night within a Wood did lie,
And march'd away moſt privately.
Fa la, &c.

Fifteen Pieces of Ordnance we took that day,
That they againſt our Bodies did play,
And the Prince of *Orange* has them to this day.
Fa la, &c.

And now the *Holland* Wars is done,
Every *Engliſh* man to his own home;
Where we will drink good Ale and Beer,
And with our Friends will keep the New Year.
Fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la, fa la.

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